

WHY HE DIDN'T BID UP.

The Flight of a Man Who Had a Weakness for Auction Sales.

There was a red flag out in front of a farm house up in the Swift River region in Oxford the other day when Burns was driving past the place. He can never get by an auction sale. There is something about a bargain at vendue that strikes him just where he lives. So Burns hitched his horse and stopped on the outskirts of the crowd. He remembered that at the last auction he attended, he bought two pod augers and an ox yoke, and this time he steeled himself lest he might commit similar egregiousness. In fact he concluded that he would bid at all.

But when the crowd got well waked up over Jersey heifer, Burns chipped in a bid or two, and finally got to going hard against a red-whiskered man who carried a whip in his left hand and expectorated violently after every bid.

As the contest waxed somewhat energetic, Burns reached for his pocket-book. His fingers ran down and down into his trousers pocket until they slid into a good big hole. The pocketbook was gone. You, who have found holes in your pockets where wallets ought to be, can, in some measure, appreciate Burns's feelings.

He stopped bidding, and while the red-whiskered man still expectorating, was paying down an installment on the heifer, Burns pushed forward through the crowd and got the auctioneer's ear. That functionary listened intently. Then he arose erect once more, and in his professional drone commenced: "This gentleman informs me that he has lost a pocket-book containing the sum of \$200. He offers the sum of \$10 for its return. Now—"

"I'll give twenty," broke in a voice in the corner.

"Thirty," cried another.

"Thirty-five," came in determined tones from the red-whiskered man.

"That was beyond what I could afford," says Burns, "and so I came away and left them bidding on it."

The minister had reached the critical point in his "missionary" sermon. He had finished his scriptures and secondaries, and with one neat figure would link them to an impassioned appeal that would strike his congregation's hearts, and make their rocks flow like water.

"If," he declaimed, "it has truly been said that he who makes two blades of brass to grow where one—"

The puzzled look on the face of a deaf old member in a front pew led him to pause and repeat:

"That he is a benefactor who makes two blades of brass—"

Smiles throughout the house, and his own sense showed him there was something wrong, but with an attempt at lightness, he said alrily:

"As I meant, two blades of brass."

The choir was now keen-eyed, and the pastor felt as if he had met Dewey. So he shouted, "Two blades of brass."

Then the senior deacon had pity on him and arose. "My brethren," he spoke, "our pastor has been upset by the intensity of his emotions, and has tripped on two blades of grass."



Chimble—Me fader's a sojer, an' he wears a uniform all day!

Billy—Fergit it! Me fader's a waiter an' he sleeps in a dress suit!

Evidence.

"Was that man ever a farmer?" inquired Mrs. Cortnosel.

"No," answered her husband gets home late from the club.

Reckless Waste.

"The Americans are such a wasteful people!"

"Yes; coming down on the train this morning I noticed at least six walls and a dozen roofs on which no one had painted advertising signs."

The Melting Mood.

"Do you believe in the good effects of laughing?"

"Of course; if I can get a man to laughing I can nearly always borrow \$5 from him."

The Boarding House Wit.

"I see that steel sheets are to sell for \$2 a ton more than they did."

"I don't care anything about steel sheets. How about Bessemer beef-steaks?"

A Side Shot.

Willie—Pa, what do they make talking machines of?

His Father—The first one was made out of a rib, my son.

Face to Face.

Old Gentleman—Weren't you kissing my daughter when I came in?

Young Man—Yes, sir. Have you any apology to make?

Her Cruel Insinuation.

"Did you ever love another before you met me?" he inquired.

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Character Analysis.

"No," said Colonel Stillwell. "I don't yearn for his society. Understand me; I don't say for a minute that he is not as perfect a gentleman as grows. But a man's previous associations will necessarily influence his character."

"What do you know of his previous associations?"

"Nothing personally. But I observe that he can't be satisfied to play half a dozen games of poker without counting over the entire pack of cards."

Equal to the Occasion.

Maud—"Did you not call for help when he kissed you?"

Marie—"No; he didn't need any."

HAD AN UNUSUAL CAPACITY.

The Native Couldn't Understand What Sort of Animals They Were.

"A year or so ago," said a visitor from St. Louis, "I made a tour of the Ozarks in Southern Missouri with a party of Northern friends. One afternoon, in company with a bright young girl from Iowa, I made the round of a number of native cabins near Mammoth Spring, just across the line in Arkansas. My companion wanted to see a bit of life of the squatters, if they may be called by that name, and we were at our wit's end to devise some excuse for our visit to the houses. We concluded that nothing would be better than to ask for a drink of water. This we did at each place. We unwisely drank in the doorways or just outside. Instead of stepping into the cabin, and soon the attention of pretty nearly all the mountaineers and their large families was attracted. At the seventh house, after we had secured the usual tomato can full of delightful spring water, the man observed:

"Say, young feller, if I don't make no diffidence, I'd like ter ask a question."

"All right," said I, "what is it?"

"Wall," continued the mountaineer, "I've seed all sorts er people an' animals from er monkey ter er elephant, but I'm danged if I ever see anybody er c'd drink ez much water ez you an' thet gal thar. How'd yer do it?"

"I don't know that my explanation explained, but the quarter of an hour I consumed in making up a good story was ample time to allow us to look the queer habitation over thoroughly."



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STORY OF A DIVER.

Pelious Adventures of a Man Whose Daily Work is Under River or Sea.

Diver Robert E. Case of Portland, in the course of his ten years' employment as a diver has had many interesting experiences and close calls from death.

Case is about 35 years of age, stands about 5 feet 10 inches and weighs over 160 pounds, and is one of the pleasantest men that one would care to meet. He is very modest—seldom talking about his own work, but a while ago the writer succeeded in getting him to tell a few of his experiences.

Probably one of the most important jobs upon which he ever worked, and certainly one of the longest, was the laying of the water pipes across the Kennebec River at Bath. This job required the laying of 3,000 feet of big water pipe, with a ball and socket joint in water, the average depth of which was fifty feet. Sometimes the depth was over seventy and at times down to about thirty. The conditions that prevailed at that point were such that the divers could only work upon the tide, and so it took from August until the following April to complete the job.

A few years ago Mr. Case nearly lost his life while at work raising a sloop which had sunk in Boothbay Harbor. He got fouled with the cable of a buoy which marked the location of the wreck, and was hung up for forty minutes. His air hose was caught in such a way that but very little air could get through it with the pump working to its best advantage, but the pump was an old one and did not work well. When he was finally cleared and hauled to the surface he was unconscious and black in the face from the want of air. It was feared that he would die, but he recovered, and on the next day went down and finished the work of raising the sloop.

Probably the closest call that Case ever had while using dynamite to blow out the pilings of an old bridge which had been torn down. His tender was a new one, who had never worked for a diver before. Case went down and placed the stick of dynamite in position and started to come back to where he would be hauled to the surface. He had covered part of the distance when he discovered a pile that would not have to be blown, but which could readily be hoisted to the surface with a rope, and signalled the tender to send him down a rope.

The tender misunderstood the signal, and, turning to the man who was looking after the battery, called out:

"It's all right, fire the charge!"

Now it happened that the man who was looking after the battery was an old and experienced tender and knew that it wasn't all right to fire the charge while the man was under water. He went to the side of the float and took hold of the lifeline just in time to receive the second signal for a rope from Case. The rope was sent down, but it was night before Case knew of his narrow escape. The tender who came near ending Case's experience as a diver only worked one more day and then quit—he never came around after his pay, either.

It was while at work on this job that Case, together with his tender and helpers, was blown up by a dynamite explosion. He had been down and placed the charge, but the tide, which was setting out strong, washed it down almost under the float. Case had just reached the top and leaned over the side of the float in the usual attitude of divers when resting, when the charge was exploded. The shock threw the float and all the men into the air, and Case must surely have been thrown into the water but for the presence of mind of the same man who saved him the other time, who caught him and held him on the float.

The wonder of this accident was that any one came out of it alive, for upon the float was a case of 100 sticks of dynamite, which, fortunately, was not exploded by the shock.

Case says the most disagreeable part of his work is diving for dead bodies. He has made several quick recoveries of bodies during his career as a diver. One of these was in Lewiston about two years ago, when he recovered the body of a Bates College student named Wells. In just nineteen minutes from the time he dove he had the body out of the water upon the bank.

The deepest water in which he ever worked was off Egg Rock, near Bar Harbor. Here he was down 100 feet at work upon the wreck of a Gloucester fishing schooner.

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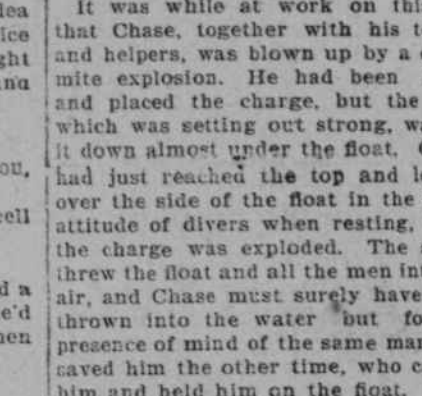
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Jack—How did you come out?

Tom—Well, I haven't collected the account yet, but her father landed on me about five minutes later and she owes me at least a million kisses now.

Well Provided With Fiction.

It happened in a book store.

"What can I show you, madam?" he asked. "Something in the line of fiction?"

"No," she answered slowly. "I think I'll try history for a change. I get enough fiction when my husband gets home late from the club."

Reckless Waste.

"The Americans are such a wasteful people!"

"Yes; coming down on the train this morning I noticed at least six walls and a dozen roofs on which no one had painted advertising signs."

The Melting Mood.

"Do you believe in the good effects of laughing?"

"Of course; if I can get a man to laughing I can nearly always borrow \$5 from him."

The Boarding House Wit.

"I see that steel sheets are to sell for \$2 a ton more than they did."

"I don't care anything about steel sheets. How about Bessemer beef-steaks?"

A Side Shot.

Willie—Pa, what do they make talking machines of?

His Father—The first one was made out of a rib, my son.

Face to Face.

Old Gentleman—Weren't you kissing my daughter when I came in?

Young Man—Yes, sir. Have you any apology to make?

Her Cruel Insinuation.

"Did you ever love another before you met me?" he inquired.

"Another what?" she asked.

Character Analysis.

"No," said Colonel Stillwell. "I don't yearn for his society. Understand me; I don't say for a minute that he is not as perfect a gentleman as grows. But a man's previous associations will necessarily influence his character."

"What do you know of his previous associations?"

"Nothing personally. But I observe that he can't be satisfied to play half a dozen games of poker without counting over the entire pack of cards."

Equal to the Occasion.

Maud—"Did you not call for help when he kissed you?"

Marie—"No; he didn't need any."

Johnnie—Dere now! I told yer ther fellers would be wantin' ter play checkers on dat patch yer put in me trousers!

whole earth.

It's a wise man who can appear stupid at times, but some men carry it to excess.

Some girls admit that engagements are failures, but they have their doubts as to marriages.

The work of some artists who claim to be wedded to art doesn't indicate that there is even an engagement.

They say that matches are made in heaven, but his Satanic majesty seems to have a corner on the brimstone market.

In the international checker game the prince of Wales is slowly nearing the king row and little Alphonso seems to be cornered in it.

AN OLD SKEA.

There's a man in a corner of a room, Where none for the while doth come; And sitting in a chair of antique design, That mortal men keep on in these, Is standing a sort of antique design, Whose cover of half-dish once black, With age and much wearing begins now to shine.

All torn on the seat and the back, The woodwork is all of mahogany red, The grip is tacked on with brass nails, And now for its carries for resting the head, And numerous other details, Demure as it sets in that corner so grim, A picture's presented to me, Of the just w-h its bustle, its life and its hum; And now on that sofa I see—

Two levers in all the excitement and flush, O young Love now twilching their heels, He whistles, she signals, to instantly hush! And each as if frightened then starts. A tap on the door by mamma and then lo!

She entered with cake and with wine And then disappeared and behind left a glow, Which the lovers declared was divine

Again, in that room there's a throng of fair maid, And men in the front of youth, A bride and a groom 'neath chandelier shades, To plight as did Boaz and fair Ruth Again on that sofa in corners now thrown, The wife and her husband are seen, For young Love has now unto full stature grown, And Love is their king and their queen.

O. M. STEWARD.

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